

# THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

No. I.]

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[Vol. III.]

## ORIGINAL MEMOIRS OF BENJAMIN, COUNT OF RUMFORD.

(From the Literary Miscellany.)

*"Dulce est meminisse laborum."*

BENJAMIN THOMPSON was born at Woburn, in Massachusetts, on the 26th day of March A. D. 1753, of respectable parents. During the few first years of his infancy, he discovered no striking marks of genius; nothing, which justified a belief that he was one day to become the admiration of the world. His youthful sports however indicated a remarkable and unequalled taste. None of the common, vulgar amusements, which generally engage the attention of boys, were satisfactory to him. But, when amusement was his object, his invention and ingenuity were put in requisition, and something new and curious was generally the result. His schoolfellows could rarely assist in contriving ingenious tricks, and as seldom could they participate in his pleasures; consequently his companions at play were not numerous. No stupid insensibility ever appeared on his brow; no fixed arrangement of features ever stiffened his countenance; but, in whatever employment, if he was interested, he was all attention, all ardor; and such was the dependence of his countenance upon the state of his mind, that the minutest variation in this was depicted on the former. Such was his intense application, in whatever business he engaged, whether rural diversions, or scholastic exercises, that he devoted his whole soul, and never left any thing unfinished or incomplete.

When he had gained by the ordinary course of a common school education a knowledge of writing and reading, he commenced with eagerness the study of arithmetic and mathematics. This naturally produced, or rather discovered his inclination to study the principles of mechanics and natural philosophy; and here was opened to his expanding mind a rich, inexhaustible, and unfatiguing fountain of novelties. Indeed so great was his attachment to these studies, that scarcely was any other food requisite for sustenance, and, when his attention was fixed in any investigation, he was impatient and could ill bear to be interrupted.

This taste for mathematical and philosophical inquiries is founded on the tendency of their results, and the native inclination of the human mind to investigate truth, and be gratified with its discovery. Here it may not be very unphilosophical to assert, that, wherever we find an inquisitive mind, intent on the pursuit of the above sciences, with a zeal bordering on enthusiasm, we shall find it is the constant companion of a good, honest, and benevolent heart.

His guardian, for his father died when Mr. Thompson was only two or three years of age, was desirous of confining his attention to some regular pursuit or profession, which would, after he arrived to the legal age of discretion, en-

able him to accumulate a handsome living, and place him upon a respectable establishment for life. For this purpose various attempts were made to reconcile, what was, through ignorance of human nature, called extravagance, to the steady and contracted employment of a merchant. Agreeably to this plan after he had lived a few months at about the age of sixteen with a physician, Dr. Hay, of Woburn, where, during the intervals of study, he amused himself with making surgical instruments, &c. which he executed in a very finished style, he was placed as a clerk in a store at Salem. Here he soon discovered his aversion to that business. He employed as much of his time, as he could by any means steal from the duties of his station, to amuse himself with study and little, ingenious, mechanical recreations, and would be more frequently found with a penknife, file, and gimblet under the counter, than with his pen and account books in the counting room. In one of his chemical experiments at Salem, for he was particularly pleased with the study of chemistry, his life was endangered by an unexpected explosion of some nitrous compound, which he had been preparing for rockets. While he was pounding in an iron mortar the ingredients, necessary for such fire works, it was supposed a particle of sand, treacherously concealed among the other matter, caused a scintillation, by which the whole suddenly exploded in his face and bosom. The burns, occasioned by such fire, are of the most malignant kind, and in a few days, in addition to a temporary loss of sight, the skin of his face and breast was taken away with the bandages. Such an apprentice, it may easily be imagined, would never answer the wishes of a merchant. But little was it thought at that day, that this apparently indolent and careless youth would in time become one of the most industrious and enterprising men in the world, and be received as the greatest favorite at the principal courts of Europe.

While he was thus imprisoned in the store at Salem, he softened the rigor of his confinement by an enthusiastic prosecution of the study of mathematics and mechanics. After he had obtained a considerable knowledge of the principles of these sciences by the scanty means within his reach, he was induced, like all other mechanics, to think he could solve that great desideratum, the perpetual motion. This he attempted by a combination of wheels and the mechanical powers, parts of which the writer has often seen, but was never able to gain any information concerning the principles, upon which it was expected to act. Such was his zeal in the execution, and such his confidence of the success of this little contrivance, that he travelled from Salem to Woburn in the night, the only time, which was afforded him, to communicate this scheme to an old schoolfellow and friend, who from practice and study had previously been convinced of its impossibility.

Among the many occupations, to which his various mind was bent, he occasionally amused

himself with engraving. He was accustomed to mark the penknives, &c. of his companions, until he acquired a facility in the use of the graver, which emboldened him to undertake the difficult task of engraving upon a copper plate. His design was original, and intended for a label for books. This little piece of workmanship, about three by five inches square, was executed with a neatness and in a style, which does honor to his taste and skill, and entitles it to a respectable place among the small works of our professional engravers.

After residing at Salem and Boston about two years, he returned to his mother in Woburn, where his intense application to study endangered his health. He was received by his acquaintance with unwelcome pity, as an unfortunate young man, who could not fix his mind on any regular employment, and would never be able to support himself, or afford any consolation to his friends. They were all deceived.

[To be continued.]

## A FEMALE ATHEIST.

By Bonnel Thornton, Esq.

Dear Sylvia,

YOU mentioned the other evening a character, which I am almost a Sceptic enough to doubt the existence of. Good God! a Female Atheist!—One is not half so shocked at the idea of a Female Murderer; a Female Murderer, in the worst of senses, of her own children, of herself. That human nature, even where we may expect it to be most human, can be debased and degenerated down to the most barbarous brutality, there have been too many repeated proofs: there have been frequent instances of women, who, like Lady Macbeth, have given suck, and have torn their infants from the nipple, and dash'd their brains out.—Yet this is nothing, in my opinion, when compared to the character I am speaking of. Among the weaknesses and vices that the fall of Eve entailed upon her sex, I do not find that the denial of her Maker was one of them.—On the contrary, a submission to the will of the Almighty was her characteristic—at least it is so in Milton, which you will say is the poet's bible. Angels are of no sex; but if they were, I question whether we should have read of any female ones enlisting under the rebellious banners of the arch-fiend.

While I contemplate such an hideous and frightful monster as a Female Atheist, I cannot entertain the least idea of her being possessed of the softness, the delicacy, and tenderness of her sex: No, she appears to me as one of the Furies: she is a very Succuba in my imagination. I cannot conceive that any woman, though endowed with but ordinary and everyday charms, can ever look in her glass, and believe she was made by chance.

## LADIES' TOASTS—FOURTH OF JULY.

Extract from the Toasts drunken (under the discharge of full bumpers of TEA,) by a party of LADIES assembled at Harmony Grove, in Lyme, (Conn.)

THE DAY we celebrate—



May generations yet unborn,  
With acclamations hail the morn,  
That made them free ;  
Long as the sun shall run its round,  
Thy sons, Columbia, shall be found  
Champions of Liberty.

**SOWERS OF DISCORD**—May they walk bare-foot upon the thistles of anxiety, and reap the thorns of contempt with the sickle of despair.

\***THE TEA PARTY**—31 years since our fathers' patriotism deprived our mothers of the use of tea—May our mothers' tea never deprive us of our fathers' patriotism.

**WIVES**—May their virtuous conduct induce each husband to exclaim—

"Should I ten thousand years enjoy my life,  
I could not praise enough so good a wife."

**HUSBANDS**—

May they avoid those plagues of life—

"An empty purse and scolding wife."

**OLD MAIDS**—

May each one look back with the deepest regret,  
And no more exclaim, "there's time enough yet."

**OLD BACHELORS**—May they ever find *Dulcinea* to lend warmth to their cold hearts, give animation to their enervated frames, and balm to their wounded consciences.

**COQUETTES**—May each be blessed with a Coxcomb.

**THE PRESENT TIMES**—The age of bare elbows, transparencies, Sawarow boots, and mammoth pantaloons.

**THE LADIES PRESENT**—

May they to candor, truth, and charity divine,  
The modest, decent, lovely virtues join.

**OURSELVES**—May we

"Seek not to know the bliss or pain  
That from tomorrow takes its birth ;  
But count this day a present gain—  
Enjoy sweet love and festal mirth."

\**Alluding to the circumstance of a general search being made, when all the tea found at each house was taken out and burnt.*

#### SPEECH OF MR. BURKE.

On the morning of the 9th of September, 1780, the sheriffs and candidates assembled at Guildhall. Proclamation being made for the electors to appear and give their votes, Mr. BURKE stood forward on the hustings, surrounded by a great number of the corporation and other principal citizens, and addressed himself to the whole assembly as follows :

GENTLEMEN,

I decline the election. It has ever been my rule through life, to observe a proportion between my efforts and my objects. I have never been remarkable for a bold, active, and sanguine pursuit of advantages that are personal to myself.

I have not canvassed the whole of this city, in form. But I have taken such a view of it as satisfied my own mind, that your choice will not ultimately fall upon me. Your city, gentlemen, is in a state of miserable distraction, and I am resolved to withdraw whatever share my pretensions may have had in its unhappy divisions. I have not been in haste : I have tried all prudent means : I have waited for the effect of all contingencies. If I were fond of a contest, by the partiality of my numerous friends, whom you know to be among the most weighty and respectable people of the city, I

have the means of a sharp one in my hands. But I thought it far better with my strength unspent, and my reputation unimpaired, to do, early and from foresight, that which I might be obliged to do from necessity at last. I am not in the least surprised : nor in the least angry at this view of things. I have read the book of life for a long time, and I have read other books a little. Nothing has happened to me, but what has happened to men much better than me ; and in times, and in nations, full as good as the age and country we live in. To say, that I am no way concerned, would be neither decent nor true. The representation of Bristol was an object, on many accounts, dear to me ; and I certainly should, very far, prefer it to any other in the kingdom. My habits are made to it ; and it is in general more unpleasant to be rejected after long trial than not to be chosen at all.

But, gentlemen, I will see nothing, except your former kindness, and I will give way to no other sentiments than those of gratitude. From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for what you have done for me. You have given me a long term, which is now expired. I have performed the conditions, and enjoyed all the profits to the full ; and I now surrender your estate into your hands, without being in a single tile, or a single stone impaired or wasted by my use. I have served the public for fifteen years. I have served you, in particular, for six. What is passed is well stored : it is safe and out of the power of Fortune. What is to come is in wiser hands than ours : and he, in whose hands it is, best knows whether it is best for you and me, that I should be in parliament, or even in the world.

Gentlemen, the melancholy event of yesterday, reads to us an awful lesson against being too much troubled about any of the objects of ordinary ambition. The worthy gentleman, who has been snatched from us, at the moment of the election, and in the middle of the contest, while his desires were as warm and his hopes as eager as ours, has feelingly told us what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.

It has been usual for a candidate, who declines, to take his leave, by a letter to the sheriffs ; but I received your trust in the face of day ; and, in the face of day, I accept your dismissal. I am not, — I am not at all ashamed to look upon you ; nor can my presence discompose the order of business here. I humbly, and respectfully, take my leave of the sheriffs, the candidates, and the electors ; wishing heartily that the choice may be for the best, at a time which calls, if ever time did call for service, that is nominal. It is no plaything you are about. I tremble, when I consider the trust I have presumed to ask. I confided, perhaps, too much in my intentions. They were really fair and upright ; and I am bold to say, that I ask no ill thing for you, when on parting from this place, I pray that whomever you choose to succeed me, he may resemble me exactly in all things, except in my abilities to serve, and my fortune to please you.

#### COURSE OF STUDIES at DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.

AT a meeting of the President and other executive officers of Dartmouth College, held December 26th, 1804,

*Resolved*, That no person shall be admitted a member of the Freshman Class, in this College, for the year 1806, unless he be found, on ex-

amination, thoroughly to understand the whole of the Greek Testament, Cicero's select orations, Virgil's *Æneid* and *Georgics*, and the fundamental rules of Arithmetic.

That after the commencement of 1806, the Freshmen shall recite Cicero de oratore, de amicitia, and de senectute, six books of Homer's *Iliad*, Lowth's English grammar, Blair's lectures abridged, a system of arithmetic, the Hebrew language, speaking, and composition.

That the Sophomores shall recite a system of universal geography, algebra, plane and spheric trigonometry, surveying, navigation, conic sections, mensuration, geometry, Euclid's elements, Watts' logic, elements of criticism, Longinus on the sublime, Quintillian's institutes, oratory and composition.

That the Juniors shall recite Adams's lectures on natural philosophy, Smellie's history of natural philosophy, Ferguson's astronomy, Harris's *Hermes*, Paley's moral philosophy, Horace, composition and oratory.

That the Seniors shall recite Locke on the understanding, Stewart's philosophy of the mind, Burlamaqui on natural law, Montesquieu's spirit of law, some system of divinity, composition and oratory.

#### ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

#### PLEASURE.

WHAT is pleasure ? Is it to revel in all the luxuries riches can procure ? Is it to have thousands at our command, and kingdoms subject to our will ? Is it to mingle with the busy crowd, in quest of wealth, or to join with the votaries of fashion, and bow the knee to elegance and beauty, bedecked with the tinsel of ornament, and giddy with adulation and flattery ? The heart will answer, "this is not pleasure." Satiated with those trifling enjoyments, in which the best emotions of the mind, the noblest virtues of the soul, can bear no part, we are continually roving in search of something, unattained, and as the objects of that search are ever worthless, because below the dignity of a rational being, disappointment mocks each hope, and happiness eludes the eager grasp.

Is it then found in courts, where the smooth tongue of deceit, with honied accents, proffers friendship ; and while one hand is extended to embrace the unsuspecting victim, the other grasps a dagger for his destruction ? Or is it in what the wild enthusiast terms *love*, which could "live on a look, and banquet on a smile ;" which, discarding the sober influence of reason, is founded entirely upon the delusions of the imagination, and vainly thinks perfection dwells on earth ? But beauty is a flower, fragile as it is lovely, transient as the mists of morning, which vanish before the midday sun. When, therefore, this charm of an hour disappears, they, who look not at the superior beauties of the mind, turn with disgust, from the face no longer fair.

Where then is pleasure to be found ? It is in soothing the sorrows of the afflicted ; in "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked," and teaching joy and gladness to illumine the pale countenance of affliction, that we are to seek for happiness. The tear of gratitude, the look, more eloquent than a thousand words, which speaks the thankfulness of the heart, are



more to be prized than the wealth of the Indies, and afford a satisfaction far superior to all, that pomp and power can produce.

EUGENIA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

PART OF AN ORATION.

[The following is an extract from an Oration, delivered before the Society of Social Friends, at Dartmouth University, August, 1795; by Mr. Samuel Worcester, now an eminent divine in Salem, Mass. Through the whole performance, we find a display of great ingenuity and correctness of style. It has never been printed, but is well deserving publicity; as it bears no resemblance to those numerous, worthless orations, which are crowded through the press into public notice, and then contemptuously and justly spurned into oblivion.]

NOTHING in nature is contingent or irregular. The minutest change of relations is effected by the operation of the universal cause, as really and as regularly, as the formation of a world. And could we but look through creation, and comprehend the whole system of relations, no physical phenomenon would appear strange, surprising, or unaccountable; but every event would be seen to take place in strict connexion, in due order, and proper time. The blowing of the wind in any particular direction, would appear as regular, as the rising of the sun at the expected moment; the time of the fall of a leaf might be predicted with as great certainty and exactitude, as the change of the moon, or the return of an eclipse; and the motions of a mote, that plays in the sun-beam, would be as subject to calculation, as the diurnal rotation of the earth, or the revolution of a planet. The laws of nature, then, are nothing more than the various modes, under which the universal Cause appears in his uniform operations.

And what in physics we denominate a series of causes and effects, is only a succession of events produced by the operation of the same cause, in a certain regular order and necessary relation. In vain, therefore, do we talk of chance, of fate, of a plastic nature; of automatic machinery, or of subordinate physical causes, as efficient in any of the productions of nature. That eternal volition, which produced creation and established its constitution, must still sustain the universal system, perpetuate its motions, and preserve its whole economy. Its constant energy is visible in the continuation of things; and should it, but for a moment, be suspended, nature would be unhinged, and the whole material fabric rush together into the gulf of nonentity.

Matter is utterly destitute of real intrinsic excellence; none of its modifications, therefore, can be an ultimate object in the scheme of infinite Wisdom. The physical world derives its whole importance from its relation to the moral; and every physical event must take place, entirely in subserviency to the great objects of the moral system. The material creation is the grand organ of the eternal Mind, through the medium of which he declares himself and his attributes to his rational offspring, and administers the affairs of his moral kingdom. All its motions and vicissitudes, therefore, must be, not only harmonious and uniform among themselves, but exactly adjusted to the state and circumstances of the intelligent world. To discover the link of connexion between the na-

tural and moral systems, is, perhaps, beyond the scrutiny of man; but that they are most intimately connected, is certain to demonstration. Not an event takes place within the circle of nature, which has not influence, either immediately or remotely, in forming the character of moral beings, or in advancing the great design of benevolence in the supreme happiness of the universe.—How sublime is the theme we contemplate! what a boundless prospect does it unfold! what an august scene does it open to our view! An infinite Mind operating among an infinite variety of objects, each of which involves infinite relations and dependencies; yet adjusting the whole in perfect harmony and concurrence with one infinitely benevolent design. This must transcend the highest conception of finite intelligence. Here a field opens for endless improvement and investigation; here may we give unbounded scope to speculation and enquiry, and range the vast system of relations, without fear of arriving at a *ne plus ultra* of knowledge and rational delight. The farther we progress, the wider the prospect extends before us; every step is but an advance into infinitude, and during eternal ages it may be our delightful business to contemplate, to improve, to admire, and to adore!

COMPENDIUM OF NEWS.

Under this title the reader will find, in each number of the Tablet, an *imperfect* epitome of the most recent and important "tidings of the times." In a periodical work, so circumscribed as this, it cannot be expected we should indulge in the detail of all intelligence, foreign and domestic, political and literary. Indeed on every subject the utmost brevity will be necessary. Those, therefore, who are eager for minute narration, especially in politics, must consult the ample, and almost numberless, Gazettes of the day. Our object is to render this paper a complete farrago. It will contain paragraphs collected from a number of sources; but, however various, or detached, however interesting or momentous, we shall generally be necessitated to compress them into the narrow compass of a single column.

LITERARY.

A new and valuable work, intitled 'Modern London,' has lately made its appearance. It is said to contain very correct information of the present state of the British Metropolis.

"The Indian Hunter; or, Wild Sports of the East," is a work, which has excited much curiosity and attention among the English Patrons of the Arts.

Another elegant production has lately appeared, called "A NORTHERN SUMMER, OR, Travels round the Baltick," by John Carr, Esq. author of "The Stranger in France."—*Lon. paper.*

At the last annual distribution of literary honors at Dartmouth College, 30 received the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and 13 the degree of Master of Arts. Messrs. B. Clapp, J. M'Kie, A. Twitchell, and E. Torrey, received the degree of Bachelor of Medicine. Dr. A. Dexter was honored with the degree of Doctor of Medicine; and the Rev. and Hon. E. Legge, LL. B. Chaplain to the King of England, the Rev. R. C. Moore, and the Rev. R. Newton,

with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. On His Excellency John Langdon, the Hon. Wm. Patterson, and the Hon. S. R. Bradley was conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws. The Orations, before the Societies, were pronounced by John Vose, Esq. A. M.; Messrs. F. Brown, H. Colman, J. Holtori, and J. Brackett.

A list of Agents, for the Tablet, will be published in a few weeks.

TO BE LET,

On reasonable terms, the *port's page* in the Literary Tablet; also a fine situation for a well manufactured Essay, in prose. Application may be made to the Editor; but none need apply except such as can give assurance of not abusing the *premises*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS & SUBSCRIBERS.

All those, who subscribed for the second volume of the Tablet, and wish not to receive the third, are again requested to inform the Printer without longer delay. For the third volume payment must be made *in advance*.

HERMES and ALOUETTE's poetical favors shall have a place in the next number.

ORDAINED.—In Essex, (Vt.) the Rev. Asaph Morgan. In Lansingburgh, (N. Y.) the Rev. Nathaniel Kendrick. In Danvers, Mass. the Rev. Samuel Walker.

"How blest the alliance where no int'rest rules,  
The bane of bliss and perquisite of fools;  
Where love its full unmingled joys displays,  
And reason dictates while the heart obeys!"

MARRIED,

In Virginia, Mr. Perin Aldey, aged 105, to Mrs. Ann Tankesley, aged 90—"It is better to marry than"—to live single.) In Haverhill, Mass. Mr. Phineas Foster, of Boston, to Miss Frances Harrod. In Coventry, Mr. Levi Russell, aged 19, to Miss Sarah Wentworth, aged 60. In Lee, Robert Parker, Esq. aged 73, to Miss Hannah Chesly, aged 22.

Death opens the way to heav'n.—"A gloomy path!  
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears:  
But not untrod, nor tedious: the fatigue  
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road  
To bliss.—Then why, like ill-condition'd children,  
Start we at transient hardships in the way,  
That leads to purer air, and softer skies,  
And a ne'er-fetting fun?"

DIED,

In Hamilton, Penn. Mrs. Rebecca M'Brien, aged 101. In Quebec, His Excellency Gen. Peter Hunter, Lieut. Gov. of Upper Canada, and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in both the Canadas. In Petersburg, Russia, the celebrated Princess Carjarin. In Peekskill, (N. Y.) Mr. John Thompson, aged 107. In Lancaster, Samuel John Sprague, Esq. Attorney at Law, aged 25.

DROWNED]—On Salisbury beach, Mr. Nathan Webster, of Atkinson, aged 24 years. He had repaired thither with others on a party for pleasure, among whom were, a brother, two sisters, and other relatives, the sad spectators of the distressing scene.



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

*Soubegan-Grove, August 8, 1805.*

MR. EDITOR,

*IF you think the following, are worthy of a place in your Tablet, you will gratify one of your juvenile readers by inserting them.*

E. U.

## TO MIRA.

## A WISH.

MAY thine be many, many years  
Of happiness, ere life shall close;  
May grief ne'er bathe thy cheeks with tears,  
Where meet the lily, and the rose.

Each day may mildly whisp'ring gales,  
From Eden, balmy odours bear,  
And around thee such sweets exhale,  
As brighten joy, and soften care.

In Spring, when May her beauty yields,  
'And plummy songsters tune their lays,'  
Then may'st thou walk the flow'ry fields  
To pluck the laurels and the bays.

May Flora weave a garland fair,  
Which round thy head shall be entwined,  
To deck the ringlets of thy hair,  
And pour its fragrance o'er thy mind.

Within thy bosom, chaste, divine,  
Where seated all the graces are,  
O may the loves and virtues join,  
And build a sacred temple there.

May joy be thine, tho' I may weep,  
The anguish of my heart to ease;  
May Angels guard thee while asleep,  
Nor suffer ought to foil thy peace.

EUGENIO.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

SO oft, in every clime, in every age,  
In public, private, from the press and stage,  
Have human frailties, those by nature giv'n,  
Born at our birth, and sanction'd e'en by heav'n,  
Been held as crimes, crimes of the blackest dye,  
And each mistake been constru'd for a lie,  
That no one act, or right, or wrong, has stood,  
By all uncensur'd and approv'd, as good.

One scorns the hero, boastful of his scars,  
One rushes headlong to the field of Mars;  
That cries, "hold, murder, let thy rage be still,  
'Tis God's command to man," "thou shalt not kill;"

This, "cowards, rouse, rouse, hush those dread alarms,

The foe's at hand, thy country calls "to arms,"  
Each for himself, whatever he pursue,  
Has some excuse, sophistical, or true,  
Some ancient adage, or some polish'd lay,  
To prove the righteous tenor of his way.

We'll in religion view the zealous throng,  
In reason weak, but in persuasion, strong;  
One says 'tis thus, another says 'tis so,  
A third, 'I'm right,' a fourth responds 'no,'  
A fifth, 'hear me,' a sixth, 'attend my call,'  
A seventh, 'stop, stop,' an eighth condemns them all.

Each aims at truth—each wishes to be blest,  
Now who is right? shall one condemn the rest?  
Shall one, while thousands think a different way,  
Turn a deaf ear, and spurn at all they say?  
This must not be; (we would not scepticise,  
Nor deal in doubts, to be accounted, wise;) But common sense declares this truth is clear,  
That he's upright, who always acts sincere;  
Reason and conscience both combine to tell,  
That he, who strives to do his best, does well.

Must difference of opinion then destroy  
The poor man's hope, the christian's only joy?  
That sacred spring of all-important truth,  
The staff of age, the ornament of youth?  
Possess'd of which man draws his latest breath  
In hope of bliss, and even smiles at death.  
Of which depriv'd, with all his worldly show  
His happiest days are misery and woe?  
Say, mult, O must religion be decry'd,  
The friend of him, who has no friend beside?  
Forbid it, Heav'n!—O charity, descend  
On wings of love, and all thy influence lend;  
Teach man th' important lesson how to live,  
To love, not hate, to suffer and forgive.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

## EPIGRAM.

Said Gripus, to reprove his spendthrift son,  
"Ned! you rake! you spend as fast as I can earn!"  
"Hold, hold!" quoth Ned, "that is one grand mistake;  
I'm the pitchfork, and you yourself the rake."

## SELECTIONS.

## FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

MR. ORLANDO,

*THE following beautiful paraphrase of Isaiah 49th, 15th, is extracted from the writings of Miss WILLIAMS, whose poetic abilities are well known and highly celebrated. The merits of this extract need no comment. By giving it a place in the Tablet you will gratify your correspondent.*

Y.

HEAVEN speaks! Oh nature listen and rejoice!

Oh spread from pole to pole this gracious voice!  
"Say every breast of human frame, that proves  
The boundless force with which a parent loves;  
Say can a mother from her yearning heart  
Bid the soft image of her child depart?  
She! whom strong instinct arms with strength  
to bear

All forms of ill, to shield that dearest care;  
She! who with anguish stung; with madness wild,

Will rush on death to save her threaten'd child;  
All selfish feelings banish'd from her breast,  
Her life one aim to make another's blest,  
Will she for all ambition can attain,  
The charms of pleasure, or the lures of gain,  
Betray strong nature's feelings, will she prove  
Cold to the claims of duty and of love?

But should the mother from her yearning heart  
Bid the soft image of her child depart;  
Should she unpitying hear his melting sigh,  
And view unmov'd the tear that fills his eye;  
Yet never will the God, whose word gave birth  
To yon illumin'd orbs, and this fair earth;  
Who through the boundless depths of trackless  
space

Bade new-wak'd beauty spread each perfect

Yet, when he form'd the vast stupendous whole,  
Shed his best bounties on the human soul;  
Which reason's light illumines, which friendship  
warms,

Which pity softens, and which virtue charms,  
Which feels the pure affections generous glow,  
Shares others joy, and bleeds for others woe—  
Oh! never will the general Father prove  
Of man forgetful, man the child of love!"  
When all those planets in their ample spheres  
Have wing'd their course, and roll'd their destin'd years;

When the vast sun shall veil his golden light  
Deep in the gloom of everlasting night;  
When wild destructive flames shall wrap the  
skies,

When chaos triumphs, and when nature dies;  
God shall himself his favor'd creature guide  
Where living waters pour their blissful tide,  
Where the enlarg'd, exulting, wondering mind  
Shall soar from weakness and from guilt refin'd;  
Where perfect knowledge, bright with cloud-  
less rays,

Shall gild Eternity's unmeasur'd days;  
Where friendship, unembitter'd by distrust,  
Shall in immortal bands unite the just;  
Devotion rais'd to rapture breathe her strain,  
And love in his eternal triumph reign!

## FALSE GREATNESS.

*[The subsequent lines, by Dr. Watts, contain a beauty of sentiment and expression, seldom equalled in the most distinguished productions of the English Muse.]*

MYLO, forbear to call him blest

That only boasts a large Estate,  
Should all the treasures of the West  
Meet, and conspire to make him Great.  
I know thy better thoughts, I know  
Thy reason can't descend so low.

Let a broad stream with golden sands  
Through all his meadows roll,  
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,  
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,  
And proudly poizing what he weighs,  
In his own scale he fondly lays  
Huge heaps of shining ore.  
He spreads the balance wide to hold  
His manors and his farms,  
And cheats the beams with loads of gold  
He hugs between his arms.  
So might the plough-boy climb the tree  
When Cræsus mounts his throne,  
And both stand up, and smile to see  
How long their shadow's grown.

Alas! how vain their fancies be  
To think that shape their own!  
Thus mingled still with wealth and state,  
Cræsus himself can never know;  
His true dimensions and his weight  
Are far inferior to their show.  
Were I so tall to reach the pole,  
Or grasp the ocean with my span,  
I must be measur'd by my Soul:  
The mind's the standard of the man.

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## ANECDOTE.

Mr. S. a taylor, having eloped with Mrs. P. the wife of a barber, a person wondered what attractions she possessed to draw the taylor so powerfully towards her. "Surely," says a wag present, "it is very easy to account for the junction of the needle with the pole."